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## Men Think

they know all about Mustang Liniment. Few do. Not to know is not to have.

## Many a Lady

is beautiful, all but her skin; and nobody has ever told her how easy it is to put beauty on the skin. Beauty on the skin is Magnolia Balm.

mother of Henry M. Stanley, the ex-plorer. A monument is to be erectd over her grave, recording the

CRY OF THE FORESTS.

Save us! O, save us from the rathless hands. That rain would lay us low! Dry up our wholesome moisture from the lands, And stop our streamiets' flow!

Save us! Ye know not what ye do, to kill The life from which ye drain Your health, your wealth, your soft spring showers that dil The thirst of hill and plain. Ye know not, while with murderous hand

ir ranks hown and thinned away, seen your rivers with their flowery tanks Will surink to miry clay.

Save us! Our unsanged virgin solitudes Have saved you from decay. Belook, the dryads of the ancient woods Life-p their hands and pray. Would ye behold your fields to deserts turned, Klased by se winding river? In the flores August sun your meadows

To arid sands forever?

O, savo us! We your saviors fain would be; For in our forests old, Mid murmuring toughs we hold a treasury More rich than goms and gold. Here in our mountain wilderness we keep

Our unregarded state; With ministries as soft as love and sleep, Early we watch and in e, To send from granite clin's and caves the Of leaven in fountain rills
Through avenues of pines and beachen

And gorges in our hills. Save nat We drynds of the western world, We mainle of the streams From our abodes and ferns and mosses rom our abodes m.d ferns and couled, Wake from our summer dreams,

And start to hear the woodman's echolog through our cloistered shades; weep to see the scathed and blighted Far down the forest glades.

We bodiless, woodland elves,
To spare the all saving forests; for ye then
Will save us—and yourselves!

—C. P. Cranck, in N. Y. Independent.

IT WAS EXPLODED.

Mr. Windsor's Theory That "A Man Is a Fool to Marry."

"A man is a fool to marry

"Beg your pardon, Brigham, I had "Yes?" again with an upward inflec-

Leger. A man of his years, his abso-Inte freedom-rich, handsome, gay-to tie himself down to the caprices of a woman! Of course, I don't expect you to pass an opinion, but can you ex-

"I will answer your question by ask-

"Yes; she is everywhere, is she not?" "She is pretty," said Brigham. Yes, no doubt she is very

"I-e-s. I es, no doubt she is very preity. That's but a small reason, however, for a very great—sacrifice."
"Marriage is one of the things inexplicable to all except the married."
"But St. Leger didn't need a wife.
No man ever aceded one less. She is pretty, but there is a perceptible shade

of-provincialism about her—don't you think so? She is too happy; enjoys her carriage too much; smiles too readily; and blushes—heavens, such a color! I believe that can be done to order, though, like stage tears."

"You are a cynic, Wimlsor, the worst of cynics. You go so far in it that you destroy your influence."

"Well," leaning back, and languidly resuming his cigar, "perhaps I do."
Then suddenly rising, as if impelled by a new idea, Windsor burst out:
"Yes, and already the country rela-

"Yes, and already the country rela-tions have begun to visit Bob. I presume the young madame has as many sisters as Tommy Traddles' wife—as Sophy. I thought Bob looked very like Traddles this morning when he announced to me that he was going to the train to meet his wife's sister. He was quite eager about it, and felt

He was quite cager about it, and felt called upon to say: 'She's a sister worth having, Adolphus.' II-m-m! He's bewitched—a positive dotard."

"You miss Bob, Windsor?"

"Yes, I miss him. I never supposed he would sorve me this way. I believed him a fellow of sense—good, hard sense. But it sometimes seems as if

"Diana, "said Brigham, in an aside to his wife, "Windsor has not been preother eigar?"

"No," rising to go. "I see I haven't the sympathies of my audience. You harely olerate my opinions now-adays."

"Diana," said Brigham, in an aside to his wife, "Windsor has not been presonted to her, has ho?"

"Ah, no; how heedless in me. Mr. Windsor," in a lone tone to him, "let me introduce you to Miss Maxwell."

days."
"Don't go," protested Brigham, suppressing a smile. "I enjoy what you say. It is—it is really very amusing."
"You are ancering inwardly. You don't indorse me. You are also married and—incredulous. Good morning."

ried and—incredulous. Good morning."

"Wait a minute, Windsor," said Brigham, laying a detaining hand on his arm; "my wife is going to have a few friends to-night—wholly informal, you know—and she wants you to join us. It is high tea, or something of that sort; only about twenty. St. Leger and his wife will be there, and perhaps this new sister-in-law, if she comes as expected. Mrs. Brigham is very fond of Mrs. St. Leger."

"Thark you—but——"

"There, you are not ready-witted, old fellow. It takes too long for you to invent an excuse. Say you'll come. We shall expect you."

"We shall expect you." said Brigham, peremptorily, as he turned to his desk, virtually dismissing his visitor.

This conversation took place in Tom Brigham's down-town office. He was a bend worker in a way—quite the only

Brigham's down-town office. He was a hard worker in a way—quite the only one in his set who found it necessary to one in his set who found it necessary to look sharply after the dollars and cents. The bulk of his patrimony had vanished round a "corner" just after his marriage to the lovely and merry Diana Smith. Since neither of them had practiced economy before marriage they made a double failure of it afterward. And double failure of it afterward. And Brigham was working all the more strenuously now to keep his small but sumptuous establishment going. His friend Windsor chose to ignore the lard deal as f factor in this domestic problem, and persistently recurred to Tom's marriage as the beginning of adversity. The other mutual friend, St. Leger, who had followed Tom's fatuous example by marrying, was the gayest of ample by marrying, was the gayest of bachelors until a sly, gray-eyed, coun-

his usual summer fishing trip and met her at some rural picnic; straightway wont wild over her; made desperate love; was refused as a suspicious charac-ter by a grim Scotch father, who re-lented, however, when St. Legor's fine credentials were shown. The lady was ore tentials were shown. The lady was not rich, either in purse or worldly wisdom, but only sweet, ingenious and beautiful. St. Leger's pride in this unexpected bride bordered on folly—a folly he took no pains to conceal from the

world at large. He lavished everything upon her that his cosmopolitan taste could suggest or money procure. And she accepted his homage with a hap-piness so exulerant and naive that, critic as he was, he was wholly obtuse to the unsophisticated flavor in her his friend was so quick to detect. Soon enough, no doubt, the bloom would be brushed from her fair nature by the

world's rude handling.

She entered upon her city life with a She entered upon her city life with a piquant eujoyment that draw continuous attention to her. The galla times were child's frolic to her. But if only Grizzie were there! If only Grizzie could see this, wear that, hear the other! This was her secret cry wherever she went, whomever she met. Grizzie was her sister, her dearest companion, left in the little up-country village, and the dazzle and delight of her new life could not

wholly make up to her the loss.
"Write to Grizzie, then," her hus band said, "and have her come. She is such a blossom as this black city has not seen for many a day-except you, "O, may I write? How lovely it

"O may I writer How lovely in would be to have her with me when you can't go, Robert?"
"Very well added, you transparent little flatterer. I've heard nothing but

'Grizzie' ever since we began house-keeping. I have known all along I am only secondary."

'O, Robert, it isn't that—really it "O. Robert, it isn't that—really it isn't. But Grizzie is so fond of life, and has such a quick taste for everything fine. She is much better fitted for a grand lady than I," stealing to his side and finally perching upon his knee.

So the letter to Grizzie—Scotch for Grace—was sent, and the invitation met a ready acceptance. Unaffectedly glad was she of the chance to come, and in

was she of the chance to come, and in no way backward in saying so. The morning of her arrival, as St. Leger was on his way to the train to meet her, he had encountered his old boon companion and chum, Windsor. What a strange sort of pity he felt for Windsor. He looked back at the old days with him, which had seemed rather days with him, which had seemed rather gay at the time, as a period of wasted and misguided extstence compared with the present Eden of a home of his own and a bona fide, beautiful wife. Windsor was sensible of this patronising pity, and never more so then when St. Leger mentioned the sistor-in-law, as he afterward detailed it to Brigham.

And it seemed Brigham echoed St. Leger in everything. Windsor was infuriated by it. As he left that centle-

And it seemed Brigham echoed St. Leger in everything. Windsor was infuriated by it. As he left that gentleman's office after the effort to unburden himself he muttered under his breath: "I don't propose to make myself one of a silly rabble, training idiotically in the wake of a protty woman! Put myself out of the way- to pay court to an upcountry girl who probably nibbles slate-pencils in the intervals of angling for a lover!"

Nevertheless, the evening found him a guest in the Brighams quaint and pretty parlor. He had argued to him-self that he wouldn't go, and then, to convince himself that he was superior to small projudices he had gone. The only strange face there was that I a girl of twenty years. Windsor

Grizzie Maxwell. Beauty? That was an open question.

She crossed the room. Tall and slim.

She crossed the room. Tall and slim, plint as a whip, full of movement, hair dark and eyes "as gray as glass." as Chaucer has it—these were the features revealed at the first glance. Would the face and figure bear scrutiny? It mattered little. Windsor felt a tremor at his heart—scarcely more than a vibration and yet a real physical sensation. Let him go the world over and meet all the women therein, it is doubtful if he could eyer again experience a like flotcould ever again experience a like flut-

ter; this was the first.

Miss Grizzie was not a silent goddess.
She talked continuously.

"A flippant little thing," whispered Reason in Windsor's ear; "pretty to the eye, but empty to the brain."

The eye, however, decided that as well might one try to determine the colors on a humming-bird's neck as to define her ever-shifting, ever-varying expression; and as well try to be indifferent to that glaneing fragment of rainbow as that glancing fragment of rainbow as to ignore her particularly radiant per-

sonality.

Presently in all her titter and chatter sense. But it sometimes seems as if
those were the very ones to fall most
headlong into the trap—positively to
go out of their way to put a noose about
their own necks that, soon or late, is
sure to strangle all good-fellowship in
them."

"You were born for an orator, Windor," said Brigham, dryly, "Haya anoration, "wind brigham, in an aside to
his wife, "Windsor has not been pre-

That lady was sitting in a corner, with a group of gentlemen about her "three deep," as Brigham said. At the sound of her name she rose from her chair. At nearer range she deserved a better term than "pretty;" she was more expansive, more flexible, more

She did not at first eatch Windsor's name, and blushed in the half-breath interval required to have it repeated.

"Jacqueminot roses for color" thought the waiting Squire.

At the sound of his name a surprised look dilated her eyes an instant. It was that insuppressible, heat-lightning flash of recognition that will come into the most stolidly well-bred face before good-breeding can say coldly "Down!"

"Mr. Windsor used to be Robert's best friend," said innocent little Mrs. St. Leger, in an effort to ease along this apparent hitch and to restore Grizzie's usual savoir-vivre.

"Yes," said Windsor, with a low bow, "until Mrs. St. Leger usurped my

"Is this really Mr. Windsor?" asked frank friendliness. "is this really Mr. Windsorr" asked
Miss Maxwell, with a half shy hesitation
whether to bring out her recognition
boldly or to send it peremptorily back
into the dark closet of her own soul.

"That is my name," smiled the gentleman, enjoying this prolonged introduction.

who has borne that euphonism into ma-"Then I think I am not at fault in claiming a previous introduction."

The resdy imp of Reason hissed into his ear again, "Coquet! Claiming acquaintance for the sake of more easily establishing a real one."

Luckily for Love, Reason must known her.

Not many days clapsed, however, be the fore Windsor suddonly reappeared. He entered Brigham's office one morning in search of St. Legur, for whom he had a message.

Brigham was procecupied, nervous; he looked worn and harried; he paced

A Mrs. Jones, who recently died in try-girl snared him. He had been on the north of Wales, claimed to be the his usual summer fishing trip and met listen.

"I am sorry, but I certainly do not re-member you," he said. "Where have I had the honor?" "No doubt you have forgotten. But you are little changed."

"Is it so long ago, then, that change must be expected?" "Our meeting was in Geneva, Switz-"I have been there-in my youth."

"In my youth, also," with a twinkle of mischief. "You once dragged a little girl out of the water? It is hard to coufess that she was a hoiden, perverse and disobedient."

"I remember a little girl who cer-tainly did not behave too well."
"Her heedlessness probably dis-tressed you. You remember warning her not to lean too far over the pier? believe she was looking for the houses of the lake-dwellers or for a mermaid."
"I really had forgotten the child," smiling as his memory wakened. "She was Grace Glendenning. Ah, I do know what a witch she was!"

"Mrs. Glendenning was my sunt.
She took me with her over Europe in
gypsy fashion for many years."
"But you would not have me believe
you are that child?"
"A Mr. Adolphus Windsor certainly

"It would require more of an effort to do a like service for you now."

"Yes, it might. And I presume you would want to shake me as heartily as

you did then."
"Did I shake you?" "I remember the sensation perfectly thought you very severe."
"Let me see; that was—how long

eight years old."
Windsor was about to add: "And I was twenty-one," but refrained.

"I remember you wrapped a shawl over my wet clothing." "And I carried you onto the boat, and "And I carried you onto the boat, and

—I held you in my arms until we
reached the landing. You see, after the
ducking, and the—shaking, you had
need to go to sleep. You were a sound
sleeper, too, for my arms ached before
we reached the pension."

"I did not disobey you again. I was more heedful after that," deprecatingly.
"Ah, did you not?" cried Windsor, captivated with his own reminiscences.
"Did you not persist one day in patting that strange dog contrary to my wishes?"

"That must have been—some other child."
"No, indeed! It was a lost dog, you know, and had a mild, hungry, dangor-ous look. I told you to take care. There was danger that he should bite you. But you straightway put your arms about his neck."

"O, Mr. Windsor, your memory supernatural. "As I could not persuade you," he "As I could not persuade you," he went on, regardless of her interruption, "I picked you up—you were little then —and carried you up to the first floor veranda to Mrs. Glendenning."

She laughed gayly, "I am sorry I claimed acquaintance with you, you remember so much."

"Have you outgrown your perversity?"—he had almost said bad tempor.

por. "I think I am much the same," she said, quietly.

Their host, feeling that Windsor monopolized, intruded with an irrele-vant question. He had twice to re-

"Miss Maxwell and I find ourselves

"Miss Maxwell and I find ourselves old acquaintances," explained Wind-sor, as an excuse for his non-attention. "What did you say, Brigham?" "I have been rehearsing a single un-important question for the last five minutes," said that gontleman, with se-

As St. Leger passed Brigham's seat in a sofa corner the latter whispered: 'Windsor has lost head, heart and all "Windsor has lost head, heart and all his senses, to judge by appearances."

So it did seem. The supper was going the rounds—sandwiches, mo syster salad, coffee. Windsor remained a fixture at Miss Maxwell's elbow. He kept up a running fire of reminiscences. How amusing and beautiful seemed all those long-forgotten trifles in the light of the present.

When the hour for leave-taking came Windsor again explained his long-standing acquaintance with Miss Maxwell. St. Leger said aside to Brigham: "Windsor rails so at women—is such an incorrigible bachelor—let's watch him! Grizzie will lead him a dance before he has done, I'll warrant."

fore he has done, I'll warrant."

Following this party came a sories of pleasures more or less ceremonious. Windsor seemed to have gone back on Windsor seemed to have gone back on his record uttorly, for he warmed into the most genial and devoted of attendants upon the ladies; came out of that surly shell of cynicism and took to trifles and gallant speeches with the zest of a novice. Brigham and St. Loger exchanged much hearty mirth over him. "Benedick right over again," Brigham said, and St. Leger, slyly: "This can be no trick."

And Grizzie—the Beatrice? The perturbation did not reach her; in no way did she betray a knowledge of the un-

did she betray a knowledge of the un-dercurrent of the comedy in which she played her graceful part. Never hav-ing railed at marriage, she had no re-tractions to make. She saw it all, without doubt, but with such gay abandon that St. Leger, closely as he watched, balleved her both blind and in-different.

different.

As the two month's of Grizzie's stay came to an end it became evident to all that Windsor was a changed man. He even grew pale, as a hero should, and lost much of his nonchalance and all his captions philosophy. His devotion to Grizzie was open and unchallenged and his docility to her spirited whims quite pathetic. She remained blooming and needless, getting good out of everything in her buoyant way. All the interested ones felt sure the crisis had not been reached. Windsor called the evening before the morning set for her departure. But there were other visitors who outstaid him.

outstaid him.

"It's all up!" sighed St. Leger, as he witnessed the leave-taking. Windsor extended his hand with more than his usual urbanity and Grizzie hers with

Mrs. St. Leger returned with her sister for a brief visit to the old home. To whether to bring-out her recognition holdly or to send it peremptorily back nto the dark closet of her own soul.

"That is my name," smiled the genleman, enjoying this prolonged introduction.

"Perhaps not Mr. Adolphus Windsor, hough? That is the name I have in nind."

"I am the onl, one to my knowledge with his borne that cuphonism into manner life."

To be defined with the old home. To be sequile the loneliness of her absence her husband resumed somewhat his club habits. He met Windsor frequently and poured out his uneasiness and home-local house of the met Windsor disappeared. A letter from Mrs. St. Loger gave news that he was there—in the little up-country town. Grizzie, it seemed to her, was more tormenting than she had over known her.

or. "Windsor," he finally brake out, "I ppose you've heard? 'My home must go! It's all up!'

"What do you mean?"
"It's all up, I say. I've done what I ould to weather the storm. "Twas no Why, Brigham, old fellow, why

didn't you come to me?"
"No-no! I can't receive favora." "I'm thunderstruck!"—though he wasn't; all Brigham's friends had fore-seen this. - "And Mrs. Brigham—how—

does she bear it?"

'Why, Windsor, she's all the comfort
I have. She positively makes holiday
out of it—talks of light housekeeping in two rooms, and of—giving art lessons She has all the pluck! I am the baby, and he quite broke down. Others coming in intersupted. When once more alone Windsor began with a

somewhat awkward hesitation. "Brigham, you know I've alwayssaid -said a man was—was a fool to marry! Brigham interrupted him with a flash

of anger. "See here, Windsor, I want none of that! If you have any of your cursed philosophy to apply to this case please bestow it on the man who, from the first, deliberately and persistently and with full knowledge lived beyond his income!"
"But—but," protested Windsor.

"You've always creaked. Windsor.
You've always creaked. Windsor.
You set me down as a fool, and St. Legor
down as a fool. I bore it as long as it
seemed only ludicrous, but now that it is insolent I don't propose to bear it any longer!" And bang went a ledger, while Brigham turned from red to white

and from white to red. "But," stammered stammered Windsor, "yo quita misunderstand me. You won't listen. I mean quite another thing-let me tell you! I was only going to confide in you something regarding myself. I wanted to say—hold on, Brigham,'' as the wrath showed signs of further effer-

seowl. Windsor continued: "I wanted to say that, though I have railed a good deal about women-about marriage-I am-well-I am, that is, I propose to marry mysolf,"

Brigham stopped short in his excited pacing; his face relaxed, broke into a ondering smile, and then into broad laughing—in short, into a genuine, hearty, old-fashioned guffaw. St. Leger, happening just then to push open the door, come upon an errand of condo-lence, was amazed. It took some time before Brigham could find voice to say:
"St. Leger—think of it! O, Jove!
what a state of things!" Then more

laughter.

"Are you demented, Brigham? Your troubles have turned your head."

"No, I'm not demented. There's the the demented man—Windsor—he's—O, St. Leger—he's going to be married!"

They surrounded Windsor; they flung his old saws at him; they looked lugubrious; they laughed.

But Windsor! He was married to Grizzie the next June.—Chicago Tribuse.

MEXICAN AFFAIRS. A Few Words About Capital and Taxes in A leading Mexican statesman estimates the uninvested capital here in the

City of Mexico alone at \$50,000,000, a tral Railway and left enough to drain the valley of Mexico in the most thorthe valley of Mexico in the most thorough manner and after the costliest plans. All through the large cittles of the republic this strange fact appears again and again, the actual possession of large sums with no disposition to invest. This lack of the desire to co-operate, to get up stock companies for the development of the National resources, may be attributed to several causes. We know that in Spain, from which country Mexico has inherited some very bad financial traditions, the spirit of co-operation does not exist, and that Spanish railways, mines and banks are largely owned by English and other foreign capitalists. I do not assert this as an absolutely universal fact, but admit cheerfully that some Spaniards have a genius for business.

fact, but admit cheerfully that some Spaniards have a genius for business, as the commercial success of many of them here shows ununstakably. But in Spain it is still quite the correct thing to de one's own banking, and to make one's deposit in a strong box or under the tiled floor.

Then another bad legacy from Spain to Mexico is the absurd taxation system, which has for its aim to hit every dollar in process of transfer in trade.

lar in process of transfer in trade and knock a bit out of it as a percent age for the Federal, State or munici pal Government. Land is insufficient ly taxed, houses are not taxed as they should be, but the burden rests on imported goods, and on sales of mer-chandise and country produce. The man rich in lands and estates gets off with a comparatively light bur-den. Here in the City of Mexico, stores and houses are not taxed only when rented. That is, the lease has to pay a certain percentage monthly to the municipal Government. What is the result? That rents are extor-tionate, for the landlord with an empty house or store only loses the interest on his investment when his premises are vacant and has no taxes to pay until a tenant comes along. Naturally, the landlord is stiff in his prices. These high rents add materially to the cost of living here, and I should estimate that living here, and I should estimate that maintaining a household at this capital is thirty-three per cent. more expensive than in Boston. There is abundant room in the Valley of Mexico for town sites for delightful suburbs, but the suburban towns are few and the city landlords have the whip in their hands. Rents have materially advanced since the completion of the Central Railway, for the railway "boom" gave the city real estate owners a highlygave the city real estate owners a highly-inflated idea of the value of the proper-ties. They haven't got over that notion

yet. When a Mexican gets rich about all he can do with his money is either to build and rent houses and stores, or become a usurious money-lender, the latter an oc-cupation which, thanks to the improvi-

Where Lynch Law Came From. A curious fact is that although the

lynching of Henry Mason (colored) recenty, for the marder of Mr. Hammeraley, is the first occurrence of the kind in Campbell County, the very name of "lynch law" was derived from a native of that county, old Colonel Lynch, who was in the habit of administering summary punishment to marauders and miscreants of every description without paying any attention to the ordinary processes of law. Hence he was called "Judge Lynch," and this, it is said, is the true origin of the terms "lynching" and "lynch law."—Lynchbury (Va.)

News. ley, is the first occurrence of the kind in

MISCELLANEOUS.

-In a fierce gale off Cape Hatteras a schooner was saved by towing bags of o. astern for two days.

-An anti-plumage league has been formed in London with the object of stopping the si-ughter of birds for the adornment of hats and bonnets. -Massachusetts registered over six

thousand insane persons in her asylums and hospitals during 1885—an increase of two hundred over the previous year. The annual cost to the State of this form of relief exceeds \$1,000,000.— Boston Journal. -The London Lancet says that chir —The London Lancet says that children who are allowed to go barefooted enjoy almost perfect immunity from the danger of "cold" by accidental chilling of the feet, and they are altogether healthier and happier than those who, in obedience to the usages of social life weare shows and stockings.

life, wear shoes and stockings. -The London Lancet hopes against sope that boys who smoke will draw a lesson from the case of a twelve year-old lad in London, who died in consequence of smoking a pennyworth of double twist. "We may at least," saye the venerable editor, "advise every sen-sible boy to regard tobacco an a

poison coasts of America have acquired im-portance since the Coast Survey has confirmed by recent observations the older suggestion that there are tidal fluxes in the Gulf Stream, and variations of its velocity due to half-monthly changes in the relative son levels of the Atlantic and Gulf of Mexico .- N.

-In New York last year there 85,696 deaths, 80,030 births and 11,716 marriages, as against, in the preceding year, 35,054 deaths, 30,527 births and 11,805 marriages. Thus the death list increased 662, and the number of births fell off 497, due possibly to the sudden cessation of foreign immigration.—N.

-Mr. Bram Stoker, who accompanied Henry Irving on his American tour, is now lecturing in England, giving his impressions of the Americans. He says it seemed to him as if the gentlemen in America, as their text of social law and attention to the ladies. had taken the best page of an old work of chivalry .- Chicago Journal. -The document-room clerks at the

House receive some queer requests, says a Washington letter. A constituent of a Western member asks for the Congressional Record from the date of its first publication. Another would like to have a revolver, while a third desires that a call be made at the cen-sus office to obtain the residence of a certain party -An old autograph album in Washington contains the following letter from General Winfield Scott, dated

Washington, June 15, 1860, to the pro-prietors of the Girard House, Philadel-"Gentlemen: Expect me at the Girard House to-morrow night at eleven o'clock, and please give me a bed at least six feet six inches in length, or one without a foot-hoard."—N. Y. Post. —An English sportsman, shooting on the north shore of Long Island, was invited to dinner at a farm-house, and was so astonished that he writes to a London newspaper about it. "I wonder

how often in merrie England, 'he says,
'a farmer, with his family and two
men servants, sits down to roast turkey, City of Mexico alone at \$50,000,000. a chicken pic, with four or five vogetables sum big enough to have built the Cen- and cranherry sauce?"—N. Y. Herald. -Writing from Mexico a correspond-ent says: "No Mexican kennel is comete without two or three hairless dogs. They are of a dirty blue color, have sharp pointed ears, and do nothing but loll in the sun or crouch before a fire shivering with cold. Pelon is a Mexicanism meaning gift, and they probably called these hairless creatures pelon dogs because you have to give a mar something to take one as a present They are ill-natured, mean, ar-

rant thieves, and with not a single good trait in their character."—Chicugo Herald. —Five Mile Beach Island, near Cape May, has a unique and beautiful fea-ture in its holly groves, which stretch for four miles along the island. Many of them are very aged trees. Their trunks are more than a foot in diametrunks are more than a foot in diameter at half their height. The light gray bark, with tints of pale green and patches of brown, bring together the hoariness of age and the tenderness of youth. The moss hangs from the branches as if the forest were Southern, while the evergreen leaves and the bright red berries keep up the illusion of summer in the drearier days of frost. Philadelphia Press.

The popular notion that the in-habitants of Chinese cities are given to unwholesome habits does not seem to unwholesome habits does not seem to be well founded. Dr. Dudgeon, in a recent work on the diet, dress and dwellings of the Chinese, says that the people have admirably adapted them-selves to their surroundings, and enjoy a maximum of comfort. "They have a good many lessons yet to teach us in respect of living and practices health."

After an experience of over twenty years with them, he says that "they are subject to fewer diseases, their diseases are more amenable to treatment, and they possess a greater freedom from acute and inflammatory affections of all kinds, if, indeed, these can be said to exist at all, than obtains among Western nations."—N. Y. Sun.

AN INGENIOUS DEVICE.

Mr. Max Muthel has patented in Ger-

many an incandescent lamp which possesses the advantage of requiring no vacuum in the globe. He has, it is reported, very ingeniously overcome one danger that experiments of this kind have hitherto presented, and that is the fusion of the incandescent wire. The wire used by him consists of a mixture of bodies that are conductors and non-conductors of electricity. He takes magnesia, silicate of magnesia, etc., and porcelain clay, and forms a fine thread of them, which he heats to incandescence and saturates with a solu-tion of platino-iridium salts, and afterward raises several times to incandescence in order to reduce the absorbed salts to a metallic state. Instead of the foregoing mixture, filaments of clay mny be taken and saturated with a solution of a metallic salt, which is then reduced to a metallic state, through incandescence and the use of oil of

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